

# A Description of SCOTLAND, and its INHABITANTS.

*Scotica si diris devotum, terra tulisset  
Cainum; non alias Exul peragraverat Oras.  
Ipsa suis contenta malis: Non indigna Passis  
Externe: Infensi satiasset Numinis Iros.*

*Cleveland Translated.*

S I R,

**I**T was not without the greatest surprize in the World, that I heard from my Lady, your Mother, your Intentions led you to our neighbouring Kingdom of *Scotland*, to perfect, and give the Grace-stroke to, that very liberal Education you have so signally improv'd in *England*. I confess, it is very irksome to some Spirits, to be contradicted and thwarted in either their Expressions, or Designs; and they do (with such unper-swadible Obstinacy) cherish their own Ideas, that you might as well expect Grapes from a Thistle, as to make 'em change their Party, tho' upon the most demonstrative Arguments that can be produc'd; but I hope better things of you, and do not in the least doubt, but you are so much Reason's humble Servant, that if I convince you, this Ramble of yours, will neither be for your Credit, Pleasure or Advantage, (which I shall make the Topics of my Discourse) you will even stay where you are, and not hazard three things so very precious to all Rational Creatures: And if you meet with any harsh rugged Expressions in this Epistle, I hope you will do me the justice to believe, that it was nothing but a grateful Sense of my own Obligations, and a hearty Desire of your Welfare, that extorted them from me. And let so much suffice by way of Preface.

You are now advanc'd to those Years, in which (if ever) Men begin to consider, and propose some end to themselves in

what they do. But, under favour, if by going into *Scotland*, you imagine to improve your Intellect, you are as wide of your Purpose, as if you should take *Westchester* in your way from *London* to *Dover*; and before I will believe, that ever any Man that has liv'd a Gentleman, or Fellow Commoner in either of our two Universities, and a little tasted the Education of an Inns-of-Court, (as you have done) can amplify his Understanding, by grazing in the *Caledonian* Forest, I will subscribe to the calling in of the *Jews*, and the *Pope's* being turn'd *Protestant*.

I will not deny, but *Scotland* has formerly given very eminent Scholars to the World, nay, I will go further; there are no finer Gentlemen in the World than that Nation can justly boast of; but then they are such as have travell'd, and are indebted to other Countries for those Accomplishments that render 'em so esteem'd, their own affording only *Pedantry*, *Poverty*, *Brutality*, and *Hypocrisie*.

To make this evident, give me leave a little to pursue my propos'd Method. And here *Pleasure* (which influences most People, Young especially, that care not much to look forwards) leads the Van. Now, Sir, you wou'd take him for a very unaccountable Man, that shou'd pretend to regale his Nose with *Assa Fetida*, or, in the heat of Summer, take Sanctuary in a *Bagnio* for Coolness; and yet you do the same thing in effect, when you make the Tour of *Scotland* for *Diversion*.

For the Charms of Conversation, (which considering Man as a sociable Creature, are most universally desired) it may be presum'd, *Nebuchadnezer*, when turn'd out a grazing, had full as eligible Companions, as you are like to meet with: And you might, with as much safety, enter into a League of Friendship with a *Cannibal*, (who wou'd upon the first opportunity eat you up) as with a *Scotchman*; for what Sir *John Chardin* says of the *Mingrelians*, may be truly apply'd to them, that they are *Perfidy* it self. The most sacred Tyes, as Oaths, and the like, are snapt asunder by them, with as much ease, as the new Cords were by *Sampson*. And there is nothing amongst them, to their very Kings, (of which the last Age afforded us a very memorable Example) that is not vendible. Civility is not so much as known.



known in the Idea, amongst that (proverbially clownish) People. The Conscience of a Custom-House-Officer; the Integrity of a Knight of the Post; the Modesty of a common Prostitute; and the Courage of a Town-Bully, amount to full as much.

Their Women are (if possible) yet worse than the Men, and carry no Temptations, but what have at hand, suitable Antidotes; and you must be qualified for the Embraces of a Succubus, before you can break the Seventh, or one Article of the Tenth Commandment here. The Skin of their Faces looks like Vellum; and a good Orientalist might easily spy out the *Arabick* Alphabet between their Eye-brows; their Legs resemble Mill-Posts, both for Shape, Bigness, and Strength; their Hair is like that of an over-grown Hostess; their Gate like a *Muscovia* Duck's, and their Fingers strut out with the Itch, like so many Country-Justices going to keep a petty Sessions; their Voice is like Thunder, and will as effectually sour all the Milk in a Dairy, or Beer in a Cellar, as forty Drums beating the Preparative. 'Tis a very common thing for a Woman of Quality to say to her Footman, *Andrew, take a fast gripe of my A—— and help me over the Style.*

They pretend to be descended from one *Madam Scota*, Daughter to King *Pharaoh*; but the best Proof they give of it, is their bringing *Two of the Plagues of Egypt* along with them, *viz. Lice*, and the *Itch*, which they have intail'd upon their Posterity ever since.

Some are of Opinion, That when the Devil shew'd our Saviour the Kingdoms of the Earth, he laid his Thumb upon *Scotland*, and that for a twofold Reason: First, Because 'twas not like to be any Temptation; next, being part of his *Mother's Joynture*, he cou'd not dispose of it during her Life.

For their Cookery and Bedding, they are the Antipodes of all cleanly Folks. Can you like to Breakfast upon *Steen Bannock*? (an Oaten-Cake, often bak'd upon my Hostesses warm *Womb*) Or drink ropie Ale, that's full as palpable as ever the *Egyptian* Darkness was? Would it please you to see a Joynt of Meat ready to run away from you? And yet such must your Entertainment be there.

In *Edenborough*, the capital City, whither you are going, they have not a private *Forica*: But as their Houses (which are incredible high) consists of eight or ten distinct Families, (each of which possesses an intire Floor) so at every Stair's-head, you may see a great Tub, (call'd a *Cogue*) that's the Recepracle-General of the Nastiness of a whole Family, (for all disembogue here promiscuously, both Males and Females, Masters and Mistresses with their Servants) without the least restraint of Modesty or Shame: When this is competently full, two lusty Fellows, by the help of a Cowlstaff, carry it by Night to a Window, and after crying, *Gude teepie leuk to yar sells there*, out they throw it; he that comes by, has cause to bleis his Stars if he comes off with Piss. It may be, at High-Noon, and in the principal Street, you shall meet a tatter'd Wretch with a monstrous Cloak, and a Close-stool under it, bawling out, *Wha wants me*; for a Half-penny you may be accommodated, and cover'd whilst you are so.

Trees are great Rarities; this made Sir *Anthony Weldon*, who knew the Country very well, say, *That had Christ liv'd there, and been betray'd*, as most certainly he wou'd have been, if he had liv'd there, *Judas might sooner have found the Grace of Repentance, than a Tree to hang himself on.* The High-Street in *Edenborough*, about three quarters of a Mile long, is very fit, by reason of its breadth, for a Triumph, from the *Castle* to *Holy-Rood-House*; but the rest of the Lanes, as they call 'em, are absolute Common-shores, which makes the City look like a Comb.

No wonder then, if the *Scots*, who are not unfitly resembled to *Crepitus Ventris*, once Anglified, care not for returning to their native Country, and yet, as the *French Refugees* take all occasions to extol their Monarch, his Armies, Palaces, &c. so these Gentlemen, tho' in *England*, can't forbear to magnifie their own *Gude Land*. He is happy that believes their Report, without going thither to refute it.

If you call to have your Sheets air'd, forty to one, but the Wench, in great Civility, proffers to uncase, and come into Bed to you. I was much surpriz'd at my Landlady's asking me one Night, if my Cods lay right; but I quickly clear'd her from



from any ill-meaning, when I understood 'tis their Name for the Pillows.

You shall commonly hear a beggarly *Scot*, whose every Meal is a Stratagem, here in *England*, tell you of his Felicities there, and how he us'd to walk about his Father's *Perk*, with a Lacquey at his Heels; but you must not immediately conceive too extraordinary Opinion of his Grandure; for upon inquiry, how many Deer his Father had in his *Perk*, the truth will out, tho' to shame both *Scot* and *Devil*, that his Father kept no Deer in his *Perk*, and that they call an Inclosure a *Perk* in his Country. A *Scotch Laird* got boosy, and mounted upon a Mole-hill to survey his large Demeans, ak'd his Man, If he knew a greater Lord than himself: He was told, yes, viz. the Lord *Jehovah*; says he, *I've neer heard of that Lord, but get ye to him, and will him immediately to surrender all to me, or I'll pull him out by the Lugs*: The Servant to humour his Master's Pride, seems to do so; and upon his return, tells him, he need not use such violent Methods, 'twas but ask, and he might have his Kingdom. Well, replies my Gentleman, *since he be so civil, Deel take me if ever I, or any of mine, set our Foot where he has got to do.*

But, Sir, if you have the least regard to your own, or your Country's Reputation, you'll never go thither to feed upon *Husks* with *Swine*, especially since you may have Bread enough, and that of the finest Sort, in our own Universities: In a Word, a *Padua Physician*, a *Salamanca Doctor of Divinity*, and a *Scotch Master of Arts*, are three Animals sunk below Contempt, and not to be parallell'd in the Universe.

In the last Place, for any advantage you are like to get, I dare be bold to say, you might hope for as much in one of those *Lithuanian Academies* Dr. *Crull* speaks of, that are erected for the Education of Bears, and other wild Beasts.

Their Colleges are neither for Learning, Libraries, Learned Men, Revenues, or Structure, any more to be compar'd to ours, than a Dancing-Master's Kit to a Bass-Viol, or a *Welsh Vicarage* to *St. Paul's Cathedral*.

None but the Principal and Professors, lodge within the Walls at *Edinburgh*, to which you are going, (I meddle nor with *St.*

*Andrews,*

*Andrews, Glasgou, or Aberdeen*, because I never saw them, and hardly know how to believe the Relations of those that have) so that you must unavoidable take up in the Town, with some *Fance Loon*, who will stick to you as close as the Ivy does to the Oak, and for the same reason too, to draw away your Sap from you. The Scholars go like Sword-Men, and never can be call'd the *Genus Togata*, till they are Laureated, i. e. take their Degree of Masters of Arts, which is constantly done at four Years standing, and not unfrequently, especially if there be Money in the case, sooner; then they oblige you with a most ample *Diploma*, written in an effeminate sort of *Latin*, and as fullsome as a Mountebank's Panegyrick on his own Balsom, or Wonder-working *Panacea*; the Scope of it is, to satisfie your Friends, to whom returning, that you have spent much Money, travel'd many Miles, endur'd great Hardships, and taken extraordinary Pains, to very little purpose.

This College is divided into Five distinct Classes; each of these has a several Regent, who from Nine, till Twelve in the Morning, and from Two, till Five in the Afternoon, shall entertain you with a Lecture as jejune as a Homily, but as terrible for length, as an old Parliament Fast; and they, you know, were reckon'd dreadful enough. The only Degree they confer, is that of Master of Arts, Dr. *Rule*, the present Principal, is Dr. of Medicine, tho' a Divine. They have two pretty tollerable Philosophers, one an *Aristotelean*, the other a Disciple of *Cartes*, but not a good Mathematician, or sound *Grecian* in their whole College. For their Divinity, 'tis so, so; they are entirely of the Presbyterian Cut, and made more haste to throw out Bishops, than the *Israelites* did of old to expell the *Canaanites*. Theft, as being one of their liberal Sciences, is rather cherish'd than punish'd; but Adulterers and Fornicators are miserably persecuted by them. If they detect a Lady of Pleasure, they oblige her, publickly, in the time of Divine Worship, to mount a Theatre of Ignominy, call'd, forsooth, *The Stool of Repentance*, to the end all the *Geude Brethren* may know where to have a Whore. They are professed Foes to all Copy-hold Tenures in Divinity, and will much rather preach *extempore* Nonsense, than use Notes.

In



In the time of King James I. soon after his coming into England, one of his own Country thus accosted him, Sir, says he, I'm sorry to see your Majesty so dealt with by your Prelatical Tantiivies, as you are: *Alas! they can neither Preach, nor Pray, but by a Beuk; if your Majesty will please to hear me, Ise do bath without: And so he did, till the King told him, He Preach'd and Pray'd, as if he had never leuk'd in a Beuk in his whole Life.*

In the College Library, they keep Buchanan's Scul, however the Lining be wanting, which had, methoughts, a pretty Distick upon it, the first Line I have forgot, but the second was this,

*Et Decus es tumulo jam Buchananane tuo.*

But I must correct my self: I intended only a Letter, but have insensibly swell'd it to the Dimensions of a Treatise. I will conclude my Observations of the Country with one short, and true Story. The famous Duke of Landardale, when first Minister of State, was invited to Dinner, by the then Lord Chancellor, and as splendidly entertain'd, as the Poverty of the Country wou'd permit: At taking leave, says he, My Lord, *Ise con you mickle Thanks for your Generous and Noble Treat; which puts me in mind of one Proverb we have in use amongst us, viz. That Feuls make Feasts, and Wise Men eat them.* The other, loath to be out done in Point of Civility, reply'd, *That ye say vary right, my Lord; and it is as true, That Wise Men make Proverbs, and Feuls repeat 'em.* Well, lest I should surfeit you with my rugged Prose, I will, for once and away, try to fall into the Amble of Rhyme: Doggrel.

**A**N D what, dear Sir, then is it quid reale,  
That you design an Iter Boreale?  
*Are you so much a Stoick, that this Hotland,  
You fear not to exchange for gelid Scotland?  
Where, whe you rise i'th' Morning, e'er a dozen  
Can well be told, your Fingers-ends are frozen.  
Debate's the only Fuel of that Nation;  
And you'll be hot alone in Disputation.  
Here you may warm your Inside with a Bottle,  
But, there, must try to do't with Aristotle.*

Good!

Good Food's a thing so scarce too, that I'll tell ye,  
 Philosophy alone must fill your Belly.  
 Instead of having that with Dainties cram'd,  
 You must take up with Cartes, and le Grand.  
 And if you'd keep your Purse strings quiet,  
 Live merrily on a Chamelious Diet.  
 Next: For its Dressing 'tis assuredly,  
 A perfect Antidote 'gainst Gluttony:  
 For he that on their Carbonado's looks,  
 Must needs say, God sends Meat, the Devil Cooks.  
 Be therefore rul'd for once, and abstain from it,  
 Unless you mean to take a Northern Vomit,  
 To be a Brute's, the only thing in Fashion,  
 And Nastiness the Genius of that Nation.  
 The Things that are abominated there,  
 Are clean Shirts, Swine's-Flesh, and the Common-Prayer.  
 But stay — What's your Pretence? come let me know,  
 It's to refine your Intellect you go,  
 Sir, you affront your English Education,  
 To borrow Learning from its Neighbour Nation.  
 Whate'er there have been, I'm afraid you'll light on,  
 But few such Men as Buchanan and Creighton.  
 They're all apostatiz'd to arrant Sots,  
 Beotum Terra, is the Land of Scots.  
 In short, if naught's sufficient to dissuade ye,  
 Wou'd all the dreadful Plagues of Scotland had ye,  
 Hunger, Slovenliness, and Troops of Vermin,  
 Companions of Scotch Gentry, and English Carmen.  
 All these you are sure to meet, with many more,  
 More grievous than those mentioned before.  
 Your Voyage all your cordial Friends lament,  
 Where you'll be under Rule, nor Government.  
 But he especially, who protests he's fervent,  
 When he subscribes himself your humble Servant.

E. B.